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Physician and Surgeon,
HOPKINSVILLE, - KENTUCKY.
Office on Court St. Residence on Main.

Established, 1853. Incorporated, 1885.
F. W. Cook Brewing Co.
(Successors to Cook & Rice.)
—BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF—
PILSENER EXPORT BEER.
Office, 914 Up, Seventh St., EVANSVILLE, IND.
Sept. 30-1-1

Andrew Hall,
DEALER IN
Granite and Marble
MONUMENTS
AND LIME,
COR. VIRGINIA AND EIGHT
STREETS,
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Nov. -1-17.

GRAY & YOUNG'S
Shaving Bazar
IS ON MAIN STREET, NEXT TO
HOOSER & OVERSHINER'S.
They would be pleased to wait on
all who may call on them.

Jacob Westphal was found dead
in the river at Poria, but it is not
known whether his death was due
to accident or suicide.

A WIFE.

How often her touch, soft and trembling,
Has sent a quick thrill to my heart!
How often her voice, clear and ringing,
Has caused me in anguish to start!
To forget her I've tried, but in vain;
Since I met her she's haunted my brain;
And I scarce can believe
That the rumor's so true,
That my last year's acquaintance
Is this year's wife.

I've disputed with rivals unnumbered
The honor of holding her hand;
Through the waltzes I've gleefully lumbered
When she danced with some other man.
I've quarreled with my ink-blotted leaf,
I've argued that her notes were too brief;
But how foolish and vain
Seems that small, silly strife
When I think that she now
Bears the title of "wife."

I've given her baskets of flowers;
I've read her books by the score;
Through many a wet and gray hour
I've read her the poet's sweet lore.
But a truce to such sentimental reviews;
To what use do I sit here and muse?
She has taken the veil,
She is dead to this life,
She's a maiden no more,
But a woman—
—Charles Moreau, in Detroit Free Press.

QUITE SURE OF IT.

One Who Thinks He Has Cornered
Perpetual Motion.

As Ohio Man Invents an Electrical Machine Which He Claims Will Run
Until It Wears Itself Out—
Mystery of Force.

For half a century D. M. Cook has
been a familiar figure in Richland
County, and has been marked for his
singular inventive genius. In 1850,
when a young man, he became im-
pressed with the wonders of electrical
science, and then became enamored of
its study. He began to delve into the
unknown of this hidden force, and for
thirty-six years in alternately brilliant
and adverse circumstances has trodden
over this field till there is no nook or
corner with which he is unacquainted.
He commenced his studies at a time
when little was known of electricity,
and by a pursuit of knowledge in that
direction with unbounded zeal, he has
not only kept pace with the wizards
of the day, but has so far gotten in
advance of them that his assertions are
almost accepted as altogether incredulous.

But no matter whether his claims
seem wonderful or almost beyond
belief, they are worthy of credence, for
he must be placed in the list of successful
inventors. In 1852 he conceived and
constructed a device that revolutionized
the manufacture of sugar sirup. The
device was called an evaporator, and
was used to make sirup from sorghum.
His principle was to run the juice
across a heated surface in zig-zag rows
till the juice would run out as a pure
sirup, and the water, the water being
evaporated in its passage, and the
impurities being thrown to one
side. On this he received letters patent
in 1858, and in 1859 a company began
the manufacture of the same. Thousands
and thousands were made, and sold
varying in price from \$25 to \$35, over
\$4,000,000 being realized, on which the
inventor got a handsome royalty.
Through this he derived quite a fortune,
although a portion of it he spent in im-
proving and introducing the device.
Even to this day a firm in Cincinnati is
engaged in the manufacture of this
same evaporator, from which the mem-
bers of the firm made themselves rich.
Cook, however, several years ago lost
his right to a royalty by some means or
other, and has not been drawing any
thing from that source since.

Save for this slight diversion, Mr.
Cook has not experienced in any field
of electricity any other thirty-six
years ago to any considerable extent,
but in this direction he can be said
to have spent the greater part of his
life. For a while he sought to solve
the question of cheap power, light, etc.,
by producing the power current by
means of a battery. He invented a
battery of peculiar value for telegraph
purposes, which was in use for a long
time at Crestline, on the Western
Union, and until the discovery of the
cheap gravity battery that is now in
use. But Mr. Cook long ago concluded
in his own mind that in dynamic elec-
tricity lay future success. Accordingly
he cast aside the battery as a second-
ary affair, and set about to experi-
ment with dynamo of novel and
peculiar construction.

For several years past he would oc-
casionally meet me and speak of his
discoveries in the electrical field, but
would say that he had not yet secured
the results he was after. He would
tell me: "When I get my experiments
completed I want to show you what
will revolutionize the world. I propose
to make a perpetual electric generator
or motor which will propel itself by its
own current, the resistance of the
generator proper being only about ten
per cent. of the rotary power of the
electric engine upon which the current
of the generator acts."

This assertion was sufficient to shock
an ordinary person's nerves, but I ac-
cepted the statement with much alac-
rity. However, I became interested
and kept watching results.
Last November Mr. Cook came to
me and said: "I have found the principle
that I have been hunting for so long.
I can now start a dynamo to going,
and it will never stop except by the
wearing away of its own parts. Not
only will it run itself by its own current,
but also produce power enough, ac-
cording to the size of the engine, to
run any machine in the world."
"Perpetual motion," I suggested.
"More than that," he replied. "It
is a perpetual motion, leaving ninety
per cent. for power, to be utilized as
desired. Not only that, but more;
one helix of my dynamo will produce
light in proportion to its size while the
other is making the current that runs
the engine. It will serve to heat your
house, so that instead of having stoves
and grates, little wires will run through
your rooms, and on your parlor table
will be a highly burnished apparatus
containing wires, etc., which will keep
the temperature of the house at what-
ever point you wish."
"What will be the cost to run it?"
"Nothing," As I said, start it, and it
will go. Heat, power, and light pro-

GRAVES' LUCK.

A One-Hundred Dollar Trotter That Won
His Owner a Million.

"Do you see that old man there with
a big cane, a slouch hat and two glassy-
looking eyes—the one who is just now
trying to buy an auction pool? That man
made more money out of a trotting
horse than any other man ever made,
and he did it right here in Chicago.
How much? Almost a million.
Yes, sir; pretty near a clean million
dollars. And he made it all off one
horse, too. The old man's name is
Graves, Henry Graves. 'Way back in
the forties he kept a public house out
on the Cottage Grove road. His place
was a quiet resort for horsemen, and
Graves was a horse-sharp himself. He
had kept an eye for horse-flesh—I
mean trotting horses, for like all the old-
time horsemen he wouldn't go across
a road to see a running horse or a run-
ning race—as any man I ever knew.
One day he bought a horse right out of
a farm wagon, in front of his tavern, for
\$100. He had sized her up for a
trotter, and he made no mistake. The
mare turned out to be a trotter of the
first water for those days, and with her
Graves won some of his money."

"At that time W. F. Myrick had a
public house not far from Graves', and
he was also a trotting horse man. He
owned Jack Trotter, a crack flyer,
and a great rivalry sprang up between
the two landlords as to which had the
fastest animal. They were not long in
making up a race, which was won by
Lady Jane, Graves' mare. Myrick
wasn't satisfied, and tried it again.
The results were the same. But he
wouldn't give up. He made another
match and lost, and still another
and another, never stopping until
he had lost eleven straight races. And
he wouldn't have stopped then if he
hadn't run out of money to back his
horse with. Those were great races, I
tell you—two-mile heats, most of them
—and lots of excitement and heavy
betting. It seems to me we never have
any such races noways."

"About Graves' million dollars? O,
yes. Though he backed his mare with
all he could rake and scrape, he didn't
win a million in money, of course. But
I'll tell you what he did—his won fifty-
eight acres of land lying just west of
Cottage Grove road, and between
what is now Thirty-first and Thirty-
fifth streets. One story is that Myrick
used to own this land, and that he bet
it against \$3,000 with Graves on the
eleventh and last race. Graves
declined this, but says that he had
chased the land on time before he pur-
chased the mare, and that the mare
earned him the money to pay for it
with. How that is I don't know, but
it is certain that Graves owned the land
with that mare. He held to the prop-
erty until the city had grown all around
him, and a few years ago sold it out,
excepting his own home, for a sum
ranging between \$80,000 and \$90,000.
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ranging between \$80,000 and \$90,000."

The machine was rudely constructed,
for Mr. Cook made it all himself with
a few old tools that he had done too
much service already. Parts of it were
made of wood, and the whole was not
put together in a very artistic manner,
but it demonstrated his discoveries, and
that was his only purpose in its con-
struction. This model weighs three
hundred pounds, and Mr. Cook said
the hand-power of one man could run
it. The machine was made of iron, and
the dynamo of present construction, ex-
cept in that he also used wire and iron.
"This," said he, "is my perpetual
electric generator and engine. I will
call my assistant and show you how it
works."

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After examining the machine care-
fully, in all its parts, I was convinced
that it was a model of more accurate
make. It contained a much better ar-
rangement of the parts, and from what
he told me I am compelled to believe
that the machine was a very short time
ago. He told me and I don't doubt that
he had not heretofore been ready. He said:
"I wanted to complete my labors so
that I could say my work is all done.
I desired to give to the world a machine
perfect in every particular, that would
settle forevermore the question of cheap
power, light and heat. Up to now my
work was not finished. I am now
finished. Within a few days I shall
be able to show to all mankind
that I have a machine that will revolu-
tionize the world. When I can ex-
hibit a running model, which I can in
a few days, then I will be ready to con-
sider the many propositions that I have
already received."—*Manufactured Cor. Cin-
cinnati Commercial Gazette.*

Two Good Political Workers.

"O, there's no use of talking to me,"
said a Dakota man to a political friend
from another place. "I know we had
an abler man in the last Legislature
than you did."
"Don't know about that, now. How
much did your man get out of the rail-
road companies for his vote?"
"Two thousand dollars."
"That's just as I told you. Our
man struck them for three thousand
dollars and got it."
"O, that may all be, but besides the
two thousand, ours also made over one
thousand five hundred dollars on poker
and snooker in the house, and over-
sawed a little private cause some
other members were holding and black-
mailed five hundred dollars out of them.
I tell you when it comes right down to
hard and efficient work in a Territory
legislature, it's hard to beat. We are going
to elect him again this fall."—*Bellevue
(D. T.) Bell, about Yankton.*

—Educate your girls quite equally
with your boys. An education that
relates to both sides is not likely to
produce strong men.—*Christian Re-
corder.*

A WARM DAY.

The Horridly Torrid or Torridly Horrid
Summer Climate of San Diego, Cal.

I take a piece of dried ink whittled
down in my hand to inform you that
the equator has slipped several notches
or two, and got directly over us, ten
feet above us, with warmer indications
by the corn barometer, and making one
think he is in Wiltshire, sure. It is hor-
ridly horrid, or horridly torrid, we
don't know which, or both, but we
rather think so. The impression is that
we have dried and gone there, for we
never saw so much weather with the
cold jerked completely out of it. The
beauty of it is that we do not allow any-
body to mention it only when he is by
himself. If a Hottentot were here to-
day he would become hottenotter. A
black wall doesn't give any shade be-
cause the sun just knocks the mortar
out between the bricks and shines
through. It is the hottest day ever seen
in this country, you couldn't expect to
find a hotter one in a future
country.

Nothing will cast a shadow. The
sun shines in the windows of all four
sides of the house. You walk around
without a shadow—what is a great
relief to some of the citizens, as even
the police can't shadow you. If you
ever had a shadow on your reputation
there is none there now. It is use-
less to be a shadow, you couldn't expect
to find a hotter one in a future
country.

All kinds of business transactions
are red hot, and people get their fingers
burned and it is impossible for people
to treat their enemies with the usual
cool indifference. The mercury is at
the extreme Fahrenheit of its career,
and nothing but words now pass cur-
rent between neighbors. Water, when it
is used to such a consistency that you can
roll it up in your hands and make a
ball out of it, is certainly a won-
derful thing. You perspire until you
are dry, and it looks as if they would
be wet. You work and work and work
back to life and so on up to a little
bit more are more pliable. Even the
shades of departed heroes are few and
far between.

The usually cool, calculating man is
not here now, the dabbler who can
give you the cold shoulder. A cake of
ice in the sun soon is done brown,
a well-baked crust being formed on the
surface of it. Boarders are not com-
plaining about the heat, but the land-
lady's at meals, for they are all hot.
If you want to bake bread just put it
in a refrigerator and it will soon be
done. Ice-cream signs are all taken in,
and the young men seem to be taken in,
and can not endure this weather
and survive.

If you put rods on your house to pre-
vent the heat from striking it, your la-
bor will be in vain, for the sun-bolts
will strike down through the roof and
catch you, even if you are under a feather-
bed.
The man who ventures out with a cool
soaked shirt in his hat, thinking to
knock the heat off with it, will soon go
to ground, struck either by the heat or
the brick. Lawyers to-day are actually
sweating in their efforts to make other
people sweat. Old grudges seem to be
softening and running away, and old
sailors say that there is certainly a clear
path to the North Pole and it would
be a good time to start out for it now
if you were well equipped with linen
dusters and have a good assortment
of fans. Fans do no good here, as
they merely blow the heat against your
face and ruin your head off. If one
were a Shadrach, Meshach or an Ahe-
dozer he might go through this fiery
 ordeal without a singe, but I do not
think any of us are eligible for the pos-
sion. Yet if you start out with a buggy
you will be apt to think that you are
an Elijah making the trip in a fiery
chariot—though without clearance
papers. Money in your pockets gets
hotter than ever and burns holes in
them a great deal quicker.

It is such a fiery hotness that we are
grievously depressed because we can
not run around and pay other people
what we owe them—so are said other
people. The embargo handle actually
blister your hand when you start out
with it, while you feel that you are a
sort of a walking conflagration, and a
year for some one to put you out.
The fiery effusions of the poet can not be
quelled even by the cold water which he
drinks. Speaking of a conflagration, re-
markable figures of speech are inadequate
to express the figures of heat. The earth
is heated so far down that we will have
hot winters for some time. But we can
not get any more heat, insurance com-
panies, men, flies and other insects are
standing this hot spell wonderfully
well.—*A. W. Bell, in Detroit Free
Press.*

NOSES REMODELED.

A Berlin Surgeon Who Repairs and Re-
makes Noses of Every Description.

There are some people in this world
who should carry their noses in a scab-
bard, if for no other reason than to hide
them from the public gaze. New
Orleans is full of such people. Many
of them have knotty, lumpy, flat,
twisted and curly noses, which are a
positive humiliation to the owners and
a source of much mortification to the
rest of mankind. But the ugly nosed
men and women are no longer suffer-
ing. The hour of their deliverance from
their ugly noses has come, and if they do
not haul out the artillery and fire a
salute it is their own fault.

A Berlin surgeon has discovered the
art of repairing and remodeling noses
of all sizes and ages. He can take a
nose shaped like an article and by his
peculiar method turn it into a beau-
tiful and classic snout. He has
nothing. The fact of the matter is he
invites the hideous and pays a premium
for it. The man with a nose twisted
like a gourd handle or a ram's horn is
his pleasure. The man with no nose at
all is his delight and joy.
This Berlin surgeon, when he gets
hold of a bad nose, puts chloroform
under it and then grasps it with a pair
of forceps and smashes and then he
knives it into a pulp, and then he goes
quietly to work, and with the nasal
bone for a foundation, builds a nose
that makes the gods weep with envy,
and which is a real luxury to wipe and
to blow.

"A discovery is going to be a bless-
ing to the human race, for the reason
that he is willing to impart to his brother
professionals the knowledge he has
gained concerning noses, and to make
them the beneficiaries of his art. This
generosity on his part leads us to be-
lieve that a good deal of ugliness now
existing in the human family will be de-
stroyed. For instance, the society girl
with a pug-nosed tilted up at the end,
and which causes her to look as if she
were constantly smelling a bonnet or a
garbage barrel, can have it trans-
formed into a proboscis as delicate and

THE PECULIAR MAN.

A Public Nuisance Which is to be Found
Almost Everywhere.

The peculiar man is a public nuisance.
He outrages his peculiarity on all oc-
casions with the same sort of pride that
causes a Neapolitan beggar to glory in
the display of some ghastly deformity.
The peculiar man glories in his pecu-
liarity; he calls it individuality, and
avers very truthfully that nothing should
make a man sacrifice his individuality.
He quotes: "The leopard can not change
his spots," and so emphasizes his pecu-
liarities.

The peculiar man invariably has the
most remarkable set of principles. True,
one should have principles, but it re-
mains the province of peculiarity to
force its principles down the helpless
throat of its neighbor. Our peculiar
man accounts for all his unpleasant
traits by the stock remark: "Oh, you
know I am a peculiar man." And so
he is—peculiarly disagreeable.

The leopard's spots are born with him;
the blenishes on the peculiar man are
usually the product of cultivation, and
exaggerated to form an excuse for bad
temper, obstinacy or some equally un-
pleasant trait, only permissible with-
out reproach, behind the shelter of
peculiarity.

What right has any man to claim a
monopoly of traits either good or bad?
A man goes about growing at every-
thing, a perfect bear, never a pleasant,
civil word for any one. "But then he
is a peculiar man." A man eats at
outrageous hours, it is all right. He is
peculiar. A man drinks every thing or
nothing, goes nowhere or everywhere,
has bad manners, bad habits, bad
clothes; but claims peculiarity and feels
himself safely hedged from criticism
and entirely exempt from the duties
owed by the civilized, commonplace
man to his fellows. This sketch is not
funny, it isn't intended to be funny—it
is moral.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

TWO NEAT REPLIES.

How Andrew Jackson Silenced an Exceed-
ingly Bristly Individual.

Andrew Jackson, it is related, was at
one time entertained at dinner by a gen-
tleman, and among those present was
one of those people who often find their
way into story books, etc., as the type
of that offensive class of Americans who
are always trailing their nationality in
the dust in the effort to exalt their in-
dividual independence. This particular
gentleman, over the wine and walnuts
after dinner, in order to emphasize his
own independence of disposition, of
which he boasted loudly, remarked that
with a rare exhibition of self-complac-
ence to General Jackson:

"I always vote against you, sir."
The company was naturally rendered
speechless by the unexpected disclosure,
and the scene actually looked equally
but General Jackson put a stopper on
the boastful individual and avoided fur-
ther trouble by smilingly remarking:
"And I, sir, have always fought the
battles of my country that you might
enjoy that privilege."
Another instance of a happy response
is that of the old Southern judge—but
whether a judge in courtesy or in fact,
the writer can not state—who must
have had the faculty of quick and ap-
propriate reply pretty well developed,
if the story related of him is true. He
had been a fierce secessionist, and the
fact was not forgotten when, after the
war, he re-entered the political arena of
his native State. Speaking at a con-
ference one evening in the interest of his
own candidacy for Congress some one
in the audience, who evidently had a
good memory, inquired:
"Didn't you speak here just before
the war?"
"I did," promptly responded the
judge.
"And didn't you say we could whip
the Yankees with pop-guns?"
"I did," replied the unabashed judge,
"but, confound 'em, they wouldn't fight
that way!"—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

Why He Bought a Revolver.

"Heard you've been out fishing,
Gadsby?"
"Yes, I spent the best part of ten days
setting on a wet rock and holding a pole
over the water."
"Catch any fish?"
"Now, miserable luck! Would you
believe it, every time I pulled my line
out one afternoon my bait was gone? I
felt like asking the railroad and hotel
for my money back."
"You were entitled to a re-bait, any-
how."
Gadsby had traded off his fishing out-
fit for a nickel-plated revolver.—*Mer-
chant Traveler.*

A new sewing-machine, said to do
excellent work, has been brought out in
England, and is meeting with an enor-
mous sale. It is the invention of a Ger-
man. It makes a perfect lock-stitch,
is only eight inches wide, and once in-
ch in thickness. It contains no wheels,
and is fastened to a table by means of a
thumb clamp. It sells for two dollars
and sixty-two cents. It can be put in
a small box it can be carried in the
pocket.

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Subscribers to the SOUTH KENTUCKIAN will be given the benefit of the following cheap club rates with other papers and periodicals:
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POULTRY NOTES.
[The American Rural Home.]
While fine hay or fine, well-broken straw makes good nests, a very good nest can be made with shavings from wood; select only the thinnest and softest, and make the nest with them. They can be lightly sprinkled with diluted carbolic acid to keep away lice, and being very porous, will retain the smell and effect of the acid much longer than any other material.

A story told in the country, party has a rooster whose wings are silvered by the frosts of thirteen winters. Its head is almost bald, and about its neck are the marks of the fingers of the many who have attempted to adapt it for the pot by wringing its head off. The rooster, however, the man in his prime, and the patter of child, have each taken a hand at that rooster, but its go. As soon as it is dropped, it shakes its head, winks a few times, and steps off with a martial tread, kicking its shins, and appearing to consider the whole affair as a good joke.

A lady in Illinois, giving her experience in the poultry business, says she makes every year more money than her husband does on the farm. She does not neglect to state that her stock consists of pure breeds and that she gives it good attention.

One great mistake in attempting to raise fowls on a large scale is crowding them too much. It is extravagant economy to crowd fowls together as many as possible into one house; for however cleanly the house may be kept, the air will be more or less impure, and in winter to secure sufficient ventilation to keep the air pure, it is to allow drafts that may cause trouble.

A GOOSE FOR 41 YEARS.
A goose, the property of Moulton LaClair, living just over the town line in Western, died last Saturday, aged forty-one years. Her gosheep was once the property of Mr. LaClair's mother, whose death occurred thirty years ago. The goose had been kept by the family, therefore Mr. LaClair can vouch for the truth of the statement as to her age. The members of the family have died one by one, leaving Mr. LaClair alone, but a happy bachelor, and enjoying all the comforts connected with bachelor life. The goose had been kept by him, and has laid a great many eggs, but never to his knowledge, a golden one. She lived to see several generations of geese pass away, and was herself a widow over twenty-five years—Booneville (Texas) Herald.

SHE IS OF REMOTE ANTIQUITY, as any one may know who has purchased fowls to eat. She is a descendant of the fowls that were first domesticated, and she is a descendant of the fowls that were first domesticated. She is a descendant of the fowls that were first domesticated, and she is a descendant of the fowls that were first domesticated.

Sometimes, while working out Father Adam's sentence by tilling the soil, the hens from a neighboring coop perambulate up and down and to and from the field seeking, like Satan, what they may devour. After having carefully arranged the soil around some plant, I took behind and Miss Biddy—or Mrs. Biddy, for she has had at least five husbands—has leveled off the dirt and possibly laid my choice plant on the top of the mound to air. I raise my hoe and I see that the plant is not there. I look behind and I despair of giving emphasis to my remarks. Once out of reach, she settles down as quiet as an old woman, looking as if she had never attempted a wrong thing in all her life. This is why I say beware of the hen—she is deceptive.

As somebody has remarked, Biddy eats but one meal a day, and that is all the time. She never had the toothache in all her life, nor knew what it was to sit up half the night mending her children's clothes. I would think more of her if she would keep her young ones at home and wasn't so much of a sold herself, but she is industrious, a good provider for the family, and always looks neat and respectable in her dress—or would if she didn't persist in going about without shoes and stockings. She is jealous of her rights. Disturb her while setting, and she will present a bill for damages, and if you move a tale of distress. She is a Mugwump in politics—always prone to scratch but don't think she is just for any church. If I remember rightly, she was once communicated. —National Agriculturalist.

Renews Her Youth.
Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth and removed a clock-like old age and pain." Try a bottle, only 50c. J. L. Armstrong & Drug Store.

APOSTROPHE TO RUM.
Private Daisel Tears the Destroying Demon to Pieces.
In a recent lecture on temperance Private Daisel, who years ago felt the curse of hell, thus closed with an address to Rum:
"O, issue of Hell! red with the fiery wrath and curse of Jehovah, stand back and answer the indictment I bring against you to-night. It is from the mouth of every pure heart under the whole Heaven, and is signed a true bill by God as Foreman of the grand inquest. Serpent and adder, fiend and fury, enemy of God and man, move thyself aright in the cup and blush crimson with shame, and answer me to-night. What innocence and purity have you bitten with your serpent fang? What heaven of love and devotion have you stung to the death with your scorpion sting? What have you done to the withered with your foul touch, what have you crushed under the loathsome pressure of your hideous and reluctant lips?"

"Listen to the cry of the orphan, wail of the father who has murdered by your slow, deadly poison. Listen to the heart-broken lamentation. Visit the happy homes which your loathsome and polluting presence has changed to dissolution, drunkenness and despair, and hear the cry of the heart-rolled through the sulphurous flames of hell! From every gallows tree and dungeon of darkness; from every roof-tree and hearthstone, blackened and blistered by your infernal power, answering voices come to brand you as the worst enemy of the human race.

"O, listen to the clanking chains in the maniac's cell, the shriek of violated innocence, the dying moan of the victim of the drunken assassin to-night, and tell me, O, tell it in the ears of all, what reason or apology have you, an hour, or a minute, or a second longer, for corrupting the world with your poisonous breath or polluting your sacred faith.

Blessings wait upon all other creatures under the shining sun but you, while only cursing follows you in the world and the next. Good there is in all things else but you, even in the meanest insect, cravies upon the earth or the smallest insect builder of the sea, or the tiniest speck that floats in the limelight and all embracing worlds of space, all the countless worlds between, but for you, in you, from you, by you, through you, there is, there never was any good. Evil and only evil—born of the devil, coming from the devil, leading to the devil, damned of God, damned of man, an evil and a curse forever and forever! I curse you, O, curse you to-night! Murderer and assassin, liar and villain, thief and robber, slanderer and blasphemer, seducer and vagabond, flee from the earth and resume your station in your native hell. I curse you, O, how happy this world might be, and how it would blossom again with the beauty and peace of the Eden of God!

"War would cease, murder be unknown. Poverty would be only a memory as a thing of the past. No more would you be a curse upon the region on earth, and O, how many men now bound in your yoke would fall on their knees and lift their faces to God in thanksgiving for their deliverance! O, how many mothers, mourning all the weary weakness of the night, while their deluded sons wander with you in the darkness now; how many wives and trembling little children in rags and hovels, too, would lift the whole canopy of heaven with their acclamations and rejoicing if you the enemy of their all and all they have—would only descend into hell and there remain, spitted and roasted forever for the unparadiseable wrongs you have done to the world. In the thousands of years that you have tormented and cursed the human race."

A TIMELY RESCUE.
The Wilmington (Del.) Morning News, of Sept. 23, 1886, gives the following history of a prominent business man's piteous fight and terrible experience with that much-dreaded and always-to-be-fearful disease, Cancer.

Some five years ago a barber accidentally cut my lower lip while shaving me. The pain was very slight and for some time hardly gave it a passing thought. Finally it assumed the character of a weak, and I began to feel entirely with all my efforts in that direction. I went to one of the leading physicians in Philadelphia, who treated me three months for cancer, and sent me home cured, as he said. But I was apprehensive, I was told by a prominent physician of Wilmington that I would surely die of cancer. About this time I heard of the wonderful cures effected by Swift's Specific, known as S. S. S. I was suffering with a nervous prostration. After I had given S. S. S. a fair trial this all disappeared, and I feel like myself again.

I continued to take Swift's Specific medicine regularly for several months and before I could realize how it came about to air. I was cured again. In fact I was cured—never felt better in my life, and from that time up to the present I have never felt the least evidence of a return of my old trouble. The cancer disappeared over a year ago. I refused to believe in the cure public before this, as I wished to be certain that I was cured. My condition is perfectly normal; I have none of those annoying symptoms which followed every other treatment, and I feel like myself again.

Thinking the milkman sick, the officer shook him, and he fell backwards among his cans. He was dead, having passed away quietly while going over the route he had traveled for years—Chicago Mail.

"Not Complete Without It."
It affords me great pleasure to certify that the milkman sick, the officer shook him, and he fell backwards among his cans. He was dead, having passed away quietly while going over the route he had traveled for years—Chicago Mail.

A Child Born Drunk.
The infant son of a well-known citizen of Westfield, N. J., though but just a few days old, was found dead, appears and acts like an intoxicated person. A local physician in conversation with a World reporter gave a history of the case. It seems that the parents were very temperate young people, and began their married life without a cloud to dim their future. No one in town had better habits than the young husband, but some months after his marriage he lapsed a little from the path of strict temperance.

One winter evening the milkman went from his home ostensibly to watch with a sick member of the village lodge. He really visited Sam Gosch's tavern. The trusting wife discovered a clock-like old age and pain. Try a bottle, only 50c. J. L. Armstrong & Drug Store.

Jerseys on Pasture.
An Alabama correspondent of the Jersey Bulletin on this point says: "I am often asked if the Jersey will do well and keep up a good flow of milk on pasture. My invariable reply is, she will on good pasture, but will do better with some grain. It is a very common conclusion among the masses in the South, that thoroughbred stock of all kinds require a considerable amount of extra attention that is attention not given to the ordinary farm animals of this section. I will say in this connection, that while acclimating cattle brought from northern latitudes, I have given them special attention. 'To be forewarned is to be prepared.' Of six brought from north of the Potomac, five of which I now consider thoroughly acclimated, I have never lost one. But outside of these, I have never given my cattle any more attention than to be given to the cows of all civilized sections. I have several healthy and some young cows that were not giving milk this summer, and for four months past they have had nothing to eat except what they gathered from an inferior pasture, and a majority of these cows much longer in condition for beef than a large number of the cattle used for beef by the butchers of this section. I know it pays to feed milk cows, be they Jersey or scrub, and one that it does not pay to feed better than turned over to the butcher.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. Its guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. L. Armstrong.

In Memoriam.
WHEREAS, Our heavenly Father, in his divine will and providence, has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved friend, classmate, little Ethel Damon, an earnest and consistent member of Class No. 4, Union Sunday School, Crofton, Ky., who departed this life Oct. 23, 1886; and

WHEREAS, We, her teacher and class-mates, do deeply deplore the loss of one so young, pure and promising; therefore be it

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the will of our Father. Resolved, That we take up our cross and heart-felt sympathy to the bereaved family in their affliction. Resolved, That we offer our sincere and heart-felt sympathy to the bereaved family in their affliction. Resolved, That we offer our sincere and heart-felt sympathy to the bereaved family in their affliction.

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DYSPEPSIA, INDigestION, WEAKNESS, CHILLS AND FEVERS, MALADIAL LIVER COMPLAINT, KIDNEY TROUBLES, NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM. It is invigorating and refreshing to take, and of great value as a medicine for weak and nervous people. It is a perfect remedy for all the above troubles, and is a perfect remedy for all the above troubles.

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Amusing the Baby.
A carpet-trade paper tells a story of a perspiring salesman who seemed to be unable to suit a lady after unrolling miles of his stock. When the lady remarked to her companion, "Baby likes to see him roll out and in," he gave it up.—Boston Transcript.

Store room at No. 18, Ninth street, under this office, for rent for 1887. Apply here.

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Missouri, Colorado, California or Any of the Western States?
If you should avail yourself of the advantages that are now offered by the Kansas City Route, the only direct route from the South to the West and Northwest. This line runs its entire trains, with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and free reclining chairs, from Memphis to Kansas City, saving many hours time over any other route. If you are going your tickets via Memphis and the Kansas City Route. Send for large map of this Short Route; mailed free.

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